

“you got beers, right?” by kingsteveharrington

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Summary:

Billy fights with his father, and then finds himself at Steve's doorstep.

“you got beers, right?”

Someone is snapping their fingers in front of his face. A voice is echoing in his head, a familiar one, but he just can't make out the words. Soft and sharp, whoever is talking sounds... worried?

“Hey! Billy! Jesus fuck— *BILLY* !”

Billy finally blinks, meeting Steve's brown eyes. They're as big as Bambi's, the fucking Disney baby animal, but they look so hard in that moment.

“What happened?”

Quick mental check up. One of his hands hurts, feels like there are wood splinters in his knuckles. His jaw hurts too, as his ribs.

“It's one a.m., man. What the hell are you doing here?”

What is he doing there? Fuck if he knows. He fought with his father, and then ran out. Because he's just a coward, a piece of shit. But why he ended up at Steve's house, middle of the night, it's a true mystery.

“I was bored.”

“Bored?” it's Steve's annoyed reply, ‘done with the world’ expression on.

“Yeah, I was fucking bored, dickhead. So I came here, you got beers right?”

Steve looks so exasperated, Billy would start laughing if he wasn't feeling so shitty.

Billy knows what Steve is going to reply, something like 'Do I look like a 24/7 shop or some shit like that, dipshit?', and then they're gonna fight, because it's what they do. And yet Billy likes fighting with Steve. Even though he doesn't punch him anymore - except a couple of times - because he promised Max. But Steve punches him right back, so no big deal. ‘They're just boys being boys’ is what anybody would say.

Instead, Steve surprises him. Which he doesn't like, because they have a pattern, so he doesn't like it.

“Just come inside, asshole. No need to wake the nosy neighbors.”

This is not how it works.

Billy takes a better look at Steve. He's in his pyjamas, or some comfy expensive shit loaded dudes have, with bed hair and a frown only a mother on the bridge of a mental breakdown would have. It's so fucking weird, he considers going back to his car.

"Before dawn. Move your ass."

Billy steps in, careful to hit Steve with his shoulder. Steve just groans out an 'asshole' and leads him up to his bedroom.

What should be even more weirder, is that Billy doesn't even ask for a beer. And he doubts Steve has them in his room. He actually tries to be quiet because Steve's parents might be home, and he doesn't wanna see another dad. His own is enough.

As they're in Steve's room, he shuts the door closed, and then turns around, facing Billy.

"What the hell happened to your face?"

Billy smirks, razor smile pulling at his lips.

"My, my, King Steve. Do you care about me?"

Steve rolls his eyes so hard, it's a miracle they didn't pop back into his skull.

"Fuck you. You're the one showing up at my house at one in the morning, bleeding and shit."

"I got into a fight, alright? Cut the crap."

"And it wasn't with me? Should I be jealous?" Steve asks batting his eyelashes, hands on his heart, mocking him.

Billy wants to punch him and make him bleed too.

"Listen up" Steve adds, straightening his back. "I have enough kids to look after without adding another one. Which is you, by the way. Just in case you didn't get the part where I call you a kid. So just spill it, alright?"

Billy laughs again, nodding, and then grabs Steve by the front of his shirt. Steve doesn't even flinch, and his hair bobs on his head in a very weird way. In a Steve's way. Billy wonders what kind of pained noise Steve would make if he pulled at it. He would probably cry out like a bitch.

"I got into a fight, that's it. Got it? Mind your own fucking business."

Steve pushes him away, hard, "Got it, dick."

Billy wants to grab him again, hands now empty.

"It's still one in the morning and you're still here, in my bedroom."

"You took me up in your bedroom, you fag. What, you're so desperate to get off now that your princess dumped your sorry ass, that you hoped to get it on with me? Sorry, you're not my type."

The annoyed way Steve chuckles should've been a warning sign, but Billy is pissed and feeling stupid, and he still doesn't know what the hell is he doing at Steve's house.

"Not your type? Didn't you call me... man, what was it? Oh, yes!" Steve is smiling like he just won a poker game with a straight flush

and robbed the entire table. "Pretty boy, ain't that right? You called me pretty boy."

Billy barks out a laugh, mocking him, tongue darting out to lick at his teeth. "And you're still thinking about that? You must be more desperate than I thought."

Steve grits his teeth, stepping closer. "And yet here you are. All dressed up for me, middle of the night. And look at this." Steve takes one of Billy's curls between his fingers, stroking it. "You did your hair so prettily for me. Who's the fag here, uh?"

And just like that, Billy is right into Steve's face, punching him in his stomach, Steve pushing him back, tackling him on the bed.

Billy fucking hates him, he wants to kill him, choke him with his own guts.

Steve is coughing, holding his abdomen, so Billy just throws him on the floor, the noise of Steve's back hitting the wood sharp and painful even for him. Billy straddles him, growling in Steve's face, not letting him breathe.

"I'm not a fag."

Steve just coughs another time, fingers pulling at Billy's shirt. His hair is bobbing up and down again, like it has its own life, and Billy just pulls at it.

Steve arches his neck, following the hand, and fuck. He's hard and there's no way to hide it. And Steve's skin looks so white, he just wants to— to bite it, make him fucking bleed.

"You hear me?" he whispers, nonetheless. "I. am. not. a. fag."

Steve grabs at his back, scratches it, legs moving from under his, trying to get out of his hold.

"My ass" Steve grits out, punching him on his ribs, right where his father hit him just an half hour before.

There's this moment, before the sharp pain on his side flares up, where Billy looks at Steve and thinks Steve is not a pretty boy. Steve is beautiful. His hair is beautiful, the arch of his neck is beautiful, his mouth is beautiful. His eyes are so vivid, they cut him open like knives.

Billy ends up on the floor next to Steve, holding his side.

They just stay there, then. Both of them trying to get some air back in their lungs. Steve's shoulder brushes against his, and Billy turns his head around. Steve has his eyes closed, lips half-closed as he breathes in and out, a strange expression on his face.

"You know..." Steve starts, hand massaging his stomach. "Next time

you're bored, actually bring some beers.”

Billy just laughs then, open heartedly. There's a tear running down his cheek, but thank God Steve has his eyes closed.

Steve is smiling though - which doesn't help his boner at all apparently -, like he's happy about something he did, which doesn't make sense, cause they just punched and trashed each other.

After that, Steve is handing him a blanket and a pillow, without adding another word, and slips back into bed, yawning. Billy just kicks off his boots and curls next to Steve's bed, finally falling asleep.

Author's Note:

Maybe I'll write a sequel, or maybe not. It all depends on my inspiration, so let's cross our fingers!